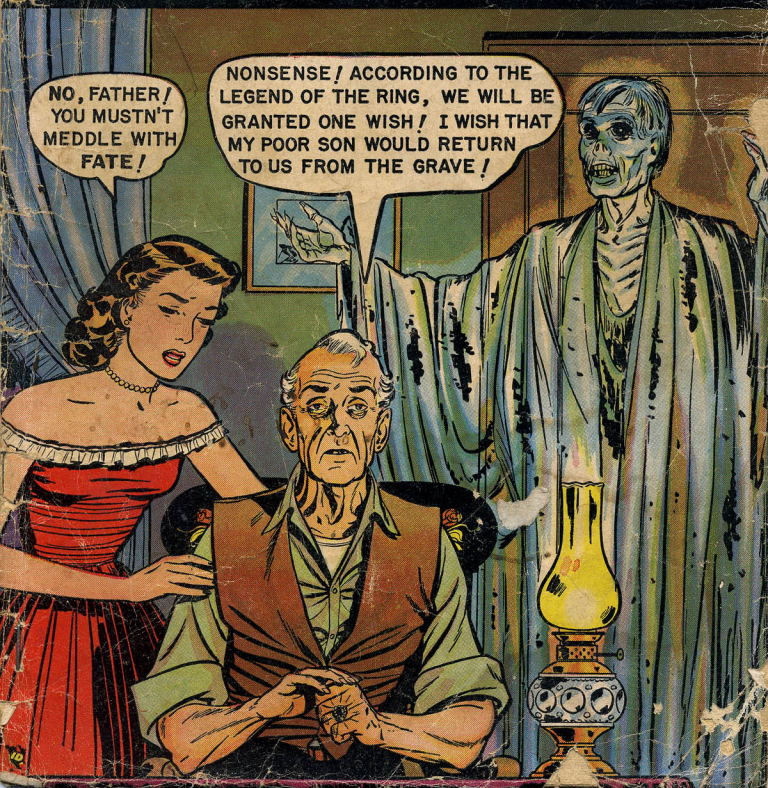


THE HAND OF

FATE

APR.
10c



NO, FATHER!
YOU MUSTN'T
MEDDLE WITH
FATE!

NONSENSE! ACCORDING TO THE
LEGEND OF THE RING, WE WILL BE
GRANTED ONE WISH! I WISH THAT
MY POOR SON WOULD RETURN
TO US FROM THE GRAVE!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERS TREATMENT FOR PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY RUIN YOUR CONFIDENCE OR SPOIL YOUR TALENTS!

DO YOU feel your skin is holding back your chances for popularity . . . for success? Are you afraid people whom you'd like to know will reject you? Thousands of people who felt the same as you—now have clear attractive complexions. They've regained their poise and confidence. You can benefit from their experience!

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS REASON CAUSE OF MANY SKIN TROUBLES

Skin Specialists and Medical statistics tell us that broken out skin usually occurs from adolescence and can continue on through adulthood. Adolescents often carry these scars throughout their life. Many never get over the "feeling of embarrassment" and are always conscious of their appearance and complexion. Persistent cases of "bad skin" sometimes continue on through adulthood. In this stage of life, the responsibilities of earning a living and meeting people are essential if you are to climb the ladder of success in your job. It is doubly important to give your skin problems immediate care. Physicians state that to neglect your skin may prolong your skin troubles and make it more difficult to clear up. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than NOW!

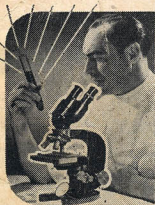
Laboratory analysis using special microscopes gives us the scientific facts regarding those unsightly pimples. High-powered lenses show your skin consists of several outer layers. Projecting through this epidermis, are hairs, the ducts of the sweat glands and the tiny tubes of the sebaceous glands which supply the skin with oil to keep it soft and pliable. Skin specialists will tell you that many skin eruptions can often be traced to an over-secretion, of oil from the sebaceous glands. As a result of

DON'T SPREAD INFECTION BY SQUEEZING PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS



Clinical reports state that many people squeeze out pimples and blackheads with their fingers. This is unsanitary and may lead to the spread of the infection. This abuse may also inflame your skin and leave red welts and ugly looking blotches and bumps. As a result your face may be covered with pimples and blemishes. Soon you'll be sorry you ever squeezed or picked at your skin by using this unscientific method to get rid of skin eruptions.

CAUSES OF PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS SEEN THROUGH POWERFUL MICROSCOPE



this over-secretion, more oil than is normally required by the skin is deposited on the outside of the skin. Unless special care is taken, this excessive oil forms an oily coating which is a catch-all for all foreign matter in the air. When dust, dirt, lint, etc. become embedded into the tiny skin openings and block them up, they can cause the pores to become enlarged and therefore even more susceptible to additional dirt and dust. These enlarged, blocked up pores may form blackheads as soon as they become infected and bring you the worry, despair, embarrassment and humiliation of pimples, blackheads and other externally caused blemishes.



Illustrated is a microscopic reproduction of a healthy skin:

The sebaceous glands are shown as they project through the many layers of skin. In a normal skin, the openings of the gland tubes are not blocked and permit the oil to flow freely to the outside of the skin.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TREATMENT

Physicians report two important ways to control this condition: First, they prescribe clearing the pores of clogging matter; and second, inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

To help overcome these two conditions, Scope Products' research make available two scientifically-tested formulas that contain clinically proven ingredients. The first formula contains special cleansing properties not found in ordinary cold creams or skin cleansers. Thoroughly, but gently, it removed all surface scales, dried sebaceous matter, dust, dirt and debris—leaving your skin wonderfully soft, smooth and receptive to proper treatment. The second formula acts to reduce the excessive oiliness produced by the overactive sebaceous glands. Its active ingredients also help prevent the spread of infection by killing bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples, blackheads and blemishes.

COVERS UP UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES WHILE MEDICATION DOES ITS WORK

To remove the immediate embarrassment of skin blemishes, Scope Medicated Skin Formula helps conceal while it medicates! Unlike many other skin preparations, Scope Formula has a pleasant fragrance! Imagine! The moment you apply the Scope Treatment to your skin you can instantly face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance. At the same time, you are sure that the medication is acting to remove externally caused blemishes and helping to prevent new ones. This "cover-up" action gives you peace of mind. No longer need you suffer from the feeling of self-consciousness or inferiority. Make this your first step in the direction of a clear complexion and skin that's lovable to kiss and touch!

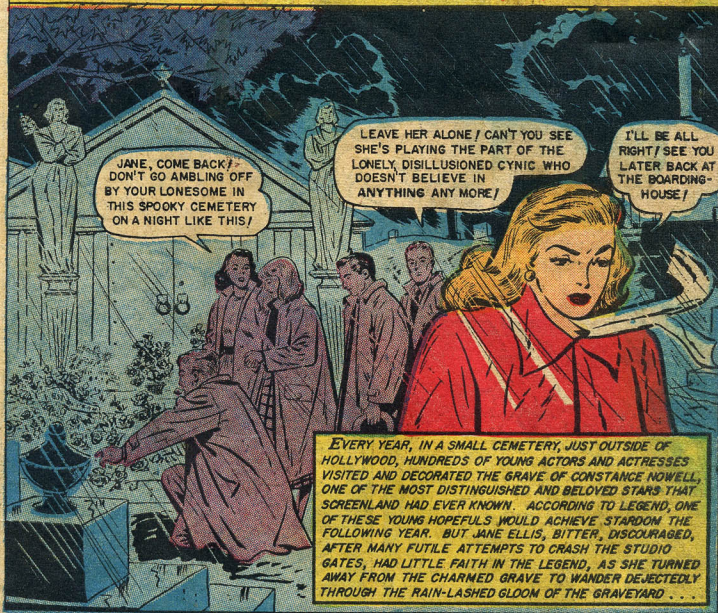
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make this guaranteed offer because so many users of Scope Medicated Skin Formula have written us telling how it helped to clear up their complexion. We want you to try the Scope Double Treatment at our risk. Just a few minutes of your time each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible! If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin IN JUST 10 DAYS, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not just the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** You have everything to gain . . . and we take all the risk! We want all teen-agers, men and women of all ages to get a fresh, new glowing outlook on life. We want you to be the inviting social personality you might be and to help you reach highest success possible in business. Now you can give yourself new hope and bring back that happy joyous feeling of confidence, poise and popularity!

NOW YOU CAN GET THE SCOPE 2-WAY "COVER-UP" ACTION AND MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT DELAY!

Just send your name and address to SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 20DP 1 Orchard Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Scope treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send \$2.00 now and we pay postage. No matter which way you order, you have a **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE.** Don't delay, send for the Scope Medicated Skin treatment with its special "cover-up" action . . . today! Sorry no Canadian or foreign C.O.D.'s.

One Awful Night with a FIEND



A LITTLE LATER, SOME DISTANCE FROM THE NOWELL TOMB . . .



AT FIRST JANE WAS FRIGHTENED,
READY TO RUN, BUT THEN...

HIS EYES,
HIS VOICE,
FASCINATE
ME!

YOU MUST NOT
FLEE FROM ME! I
AM COUNT MARKO,
THE FAMOUS EUROPEAN
DIRECTOR/ LISTEN
TO ME AND I WILL STAR
YOU IN A FILM THAT
WILL BE AN
IMMEDIATE, SENSATIONAL
SUCCESS!

THIS IS NO LEGEND/ PERFORM
A FEW SIMPLE TASKS FOR ME
AND STARDOM WILL BE YOUR
REWARD/ YOU WILL BE THE
TOAST OF ALL HOLLYWOOD!

THESE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS/ DIG
UP THE GRAVE UPON WHICH I AM STAND-
ING. REMOVE THE CASKET TO THE
MANSION AT 1000 CASTLE DRIVE. LIGHT
THE CANDLES YOU WILL FIND THERE,
THEN OPEN THE CASKET/ ISN'T
THAT SIMPLE ENOUGH?

BUT, I'LL
NEED HELP,
AND MONEY!

SHHHHH/ SOMEONE'S
COMING THIS WAY!

PROBABLY THE
CEMETERY WATCHMAN
MAKING HIS ROUNDS!

THE OTHER VISITORS TO
NOWELL'S GRAVE HAVE GONE,
YOUNG LADY! WHY ARE YOU
STILL IN THE GRAVEYARD?

I WAS TALKING
TO COUNT MARKO,
AND-- WHY, HE--HE'S
VANISHED!

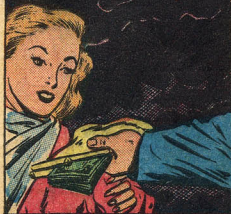
WHAT KIND OF CRAZY TALK IS THAT? YOU'RE
STANDING BY HIS GRAVE, ALL RIGHT, BUT COUNT
MARKO HAS BEEN DEAD FOR 20 YEARS! YOU
WOULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER HIM-- THE FAMOUS
FOREIGN DIRECTOR WHOSE REALISTIC TECHNIQUE
WAS A FLOP OVER HERE! FINALLY, A PAUPER
AND A FAILURE, HE KILLED HIMSELF!

BUT I WAS TALKING TO
SOMEONE! I-- I COULDN'T
HAVE JUST IMAGINED IT!

HERE/ YOU DROPPED
YOUR PURSE/ YOU MUST
BE OVERWROUGHT ABOUT
SOMETHING, GIRL!
BETTER GET HOME!

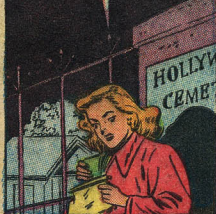
THAT PURSE HE PICKED UP FROM THE GRAVE ISN'T MINE! YET IT BEARS MY INITIALS! AND ALL THAT MONEY! PERHAPS I'D BETTER...

OH, YES, THANK YOU!
I—I'LL GO NOW!

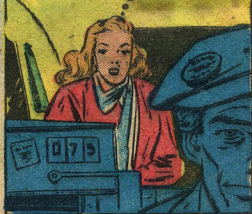


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE PURSE! AND THIS NOTE SAYS TO GO TO MR. KLING, ACME TRUCKING CO., 40 HEDGE ST., AND HE WILL HELP ME! IT'S SIGNED--COUNT MARKO!



THIS MUST BE SOME FANTASTIC HOAX! A DIRECTOR, 20 YEARS DEAD, PROMISING ME STARDOM, IF I'LL DIG UP A GRAVE FOR HIM AND REMOVE A COFFIN! YET THE MONEY IS REAL ENOUGH! I'LL FOLLOW THROUGH AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



SOON...

A DESERTED WAREHOUSE SECTION AND THE BUILDING I WAS TOLD TO VISIT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN CLOSED UP FOR YEARS! MAYBE I'D BETTER BEAT IT AND SKIP THIS WHOLE WEIRD DEAL!



WAIT! DON'T RUN OFF, JANE! I'M MR. KLING AND YOU NEED MY HELP, DON'T YOU? I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



THEN, IN THE OLDEST TRUCK JANE HAD EVER SEEN, SHE AND MR. KLING DROVE BACK TO THE CEMETERY...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M SCARED SILLY! YET, SOME STRANGE COMPULSION SEEMS TO BE MAKING ME SEE THIS THROUGH!

DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE! TONIGHT'S WORK WILL BRING YOU STARDOM, FAME AND FORTUNE!



LATER, AT COUNT MARKO'S GRAVE...

I HEARD THE CLANG OF THE SPADE AGAINST THE CASNET! YOU'RE ALMOST FINISHED!

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I HAD TO DO THE DIGGING! THIS IS HORRIBLE!



NOW THAT YOU'VE DONE THE IMPORTANT PART, THE DIGGING, I CAN HELP YOU!

PLEASE, LET'S HURRY! IF-IF I DON'T SOON GET AWAY FROM THIS GHASTLY PLACE OF THE DEAD, I'LL FAINT!

THEY DROVE, THEN, TO THE ADDRESS ON CASTLE DRIVE, A SCABROUS AND DECAYED OLD MANSION.

THIS WAS COUNT MARKO'S MILLION-DOLLAR ESTATE, PURCHASED HIS FIRST YEAR IN HOLLYWOOD!

LOOKS LIKE A GHOST-TRAP NOW! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

NOBODY EVER BOUGHT THIS PLACE, NOR CAME NEAR IT! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED! BUT WE DON'T BELIEVE IN SILLY THINGS LIKE THAT, DO WE, JANE? HEH HEH HEH!

LOOK! I-I-VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, OR I'M CHECKING OUT, RIGHT NOW!

I'LL TELL YOU! I CAME OVER HERE FROM THE BALKANS WITH THE COUNT. I WAS HIS CHAUFFEUR, THE LAST MAN TO TALK WITH HIM BEFORE HE SHOT HIMSELF! I KNEW HIS PLANS!

BUT IF HE'S DEAD, WHY GO THROUGH ALL THIS?

HE IS NOT REALLY, WHOLLY DEAD! TRUE GENIUS NEVER DIES! MARKO WAS A FAILURE, ONLY BECAUSE HIS STARK REALISM WAS 20 YEARS AHEAD OF THE TIMES. HE COMMITTED SUICIDE TO TEMPORARILY ESCAPE THE WORLD THAT WOULD NOT RECOGNIZE HIS GENIUS! BUT HE SWORE HE WOULD RETURN SOME DAY!

THE ROYAL MARKO FAMILY POSSESSED THE POWER OF BLACK MAGIC! BEFORE SHOOTING HIMSELF, THE COUNT SWALLOWED A POTION TO PRESERVE HIS BODY IN THE GRAVE AND ENABLE HIM TO RETURN TO LIFE WHEN THE TIME WAS RIGHT TO RESUME HIS CAREER!

WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!

TAKE ME BACK WITH YOU, AWAY FROM THIS EVIL PLACE AND I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THIS MONEY!

THANKS, BUT COUNT MARKO NEEDED THE HELP OF A YOUNG ACTRESS, BITTER AND RESENTFUL BECAUSE HER TALENT HAD ALSO BEEN REJECTED BY THE MOVIE MOGULS. YOU WERE CHOSEN AND MADE THE BARGAIN! YOU MUST STAY-- ALONE!

AS IF FROZEN BY SOME UNCONTROLLABLE POWER, JANE ELLIS REMAINED IN THE HAUNTED MANSE ALONE, TO FULFILL HER MACABRE CONTRACT...

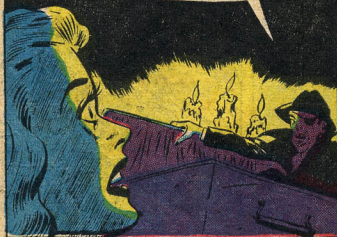
THESE SULPHUROUS CANDLES GIVE OFF A HEADY, SICKLY-SWEET INCENSE! IT MAKES ME DIZZY, CONFUSED, WILL-LESS!

NEXT, I AM SUPPOSED TO PRY OPEN THE CASKET! THAT HAND! IT--IT'S ALIVE--MOVING!



EIEEEEE!

DO NOT BE AFRAID, MY DEAR! I WAITED TOO LONG IN THE GRAVE, LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT PERSON TO HELP ME, AND THE EFFECT OF MY POTION-PRESERVATIVE STARTED TO WEAR OFF! BUT I WON'T HURT YOU!



UPSTAIRS THERE IS A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FILM STUDIO WHERE I USED TO SHOOT CERTAIN SCENES FOR MY PICTURES! YOU MUST SEE IT!

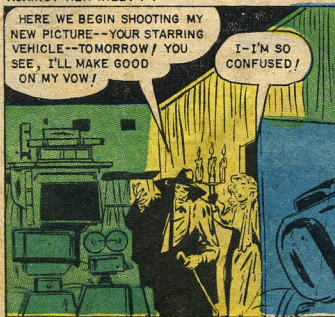
NO! I'LL HAVE NO FURTHER PART IN THIS NIGHT'S HELLISH DOINGS!



UNDER THE SPELL OF THE INCENSE AND COUNT MARKO'S HYPNOTIC STARE, JANE WENT UPSTAIRS, AGAINST HER WILL...

HERE WE BEGIN SHOOTING MY NEW PICTURE--YOUR STARRING VEHICLE--TOMORROW! YOU SEE, I'LL MAKE GOOD ON MY VOW!

I-I'M SO CONFUSED!



IN HERE IS MY PRIVATE PROJECTION ROOM! I'LL RUN OFF A REEL OF ONE OF MY OLD GREAT PICTURES THAT THE STUPID MOVIE WORLD REJECTED!



AM/ YOU SIT SPELLBOUND/ NOW WATCH THE
MIRACULOUS REALISM IN ONE OF MY MORE
FAMOUS SCENES-- THE
MANIAC AND THE GIRL!

THE TERROR OF
THAT GIRL DOES SEEM
REAL/ WHAT AN ACTRESS!



ON THE SCREEN, BEFORE JANE'S TERRIFIED GAZE, WAS
PLAYED A MURDER SCENE OF SUCH INTENSE, HORRIBLE
REALISM, THAT EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A SILENT FILM,
SHE COULD ALMOST HEAR THE HAPLESS VICTIM'S
EAR-PIERCING SHRIEKS!



NO MORE, PLEASE!
STOP THE PICTURE!
THAT MURDER
SCENE WAS TOO
VIVID-- TOO
ALIVE/ I CAN'T
STAND ANY MORE
SIGHTS LIKE THAT!

HA HA/
THAT WAS
NOTHING/ **LOOK!**
SEE
THIS
ONE!

AGAIN ACROSS THE SILVER SCREEN
FLASHED A SCENE OF SUCH AWESOME
REALITY THAT THE HUMAN EYE COULD
HARDLY BEAR TO WATCH IT/ JANE
GOGGLED AT IT IN ACHING REVOLT,
THEN. . .



STOP IT! I
CAN'T STAND
ANY MORE!
YOU MUST HAVE
BEEN MAD TO
FILM SUCH
SCENES!

NOT MAD, MY
DEAR! JUST A
MASTER
CRAFTSMAN/ I'LL
FORGIVE THIS
INITIAL SHOCK,
BUT YOU MUST
LEARN TO CONTROL
YOURSELF!



THE SECRET OF MY SHOCKING REALISM?
I NEVER FAKE A SCENE/ I USED A REAL
HOMICIDAL MANIAC, A LIVE, MURDEROUS
GORILLA IN THOSE SCENES/ THOSE GIRLS
WERE ACTUALLY KILLED AS THE FILM
WAS SHOT/ THEY WERE LITTLE KNOWN BIT
PLAYERS, AND LATER THEIR CORPSES WERE
SECRETLY BURIED!



WHAT WERE THE LIVES OF A FEW NOBODIES, WHEN IT CAME
TO PROMOTING MY GENIUS AS A DIRECTOR? TODAY, SUCH
REALISM WILL BE APPRECIATED/ WE'LL USE THE
SAME METHOD ON YOUR PICTURE!



COUNT MARKO/ WHO-WHO
ARE THOSE PEOPLE?

WE ARE THE ACTORS YOU MURDERED, COUNT MARKO--VICTIMS OF YOUR REALISTIC TECHNIQUE! WE'VE BEEN AWAITING YOUR RETURN FOR 20 RESTLESS YEARS! NOW WE WILL HAVE VENGEANCE, PREVENT CONTINUANCE OF YOUR WICKED WORK!

BACK TO YOUR GRAVES, FOOLS! THE DEAD CAN'T HURT THE DEAD!



YOU CAN'T STOP THEM, COUNT MARKO! THEY'LL GET ME, TOO! MAYBE THIS WILL HALT THEM!

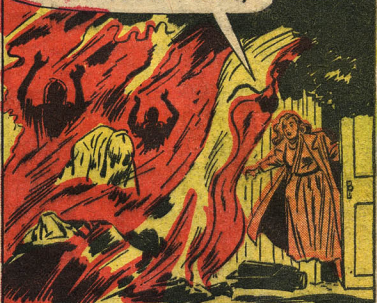
NO! NO! DON'T! THE FILMS WILL IGNITE!



HELP! THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL BECOME AN INFERNO!



HOW GHASTLY! ALL OF THEM--BURNING TO A CRISP! MELTING INTO NOTHINGNESS! BUT THE FLAMES WILL GET ME, TOO, IF I DON'T ESCAPE!



JANE ELLIS LEAPED FROM THE SECOND FLOOR AND FAINTED. SOME TIME LATER...

EASY, HONEY! I WAS PASSING BY AND SAW FLAMES AND HEARD SCREAMS! I FOUND YOU SPRAWLED IN SOME HEDGES! WHAT HAPPENED?

I-I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT, RIGHT NOW! YOU LOOK FAMILIAR. AREN'T YOU RAY JENNINGS, THE FAMOUS YOUNG PRODUCER?



YES, I AM! FOR MONTHS I'VE SEARCHED FOR A NEW FACE TO PLAY THE LEAD IN MY NEXT PRODUCTION! NOW, ALMOST AS IF I WERE LED HERE, I FIND YOU! YOU'RE PERFECT FOR THE PART!

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! NOW THE CONSTANCE NOWELL LEGEND IS COMING TRUE!



LONG AFTER JANE ELLIS ATTAINED STARDOM, SHE WAS HAUNTED BY THE NEWS STORY THAT APPEARED THE NEXT DAY...

FIRES AND MUTILATED GRAVE ADD TO MYSTERY OF LONG-DEAD, INFAMOUS COUNT MARKO!
Hollywood, Calif. (L.P.)
Simultaneous fires of mysterious origin, last night gutted the ghostly mansion of Count Marko, one-time noted screen director, and the same trucking Co. building, owned by Igor Kling, who was once Marko's chauffeur. At the same time, Marko's grave in Shady Rest Cemetery, was found looted, the coffin missing and only scattered, charred bones remaining...

THE END

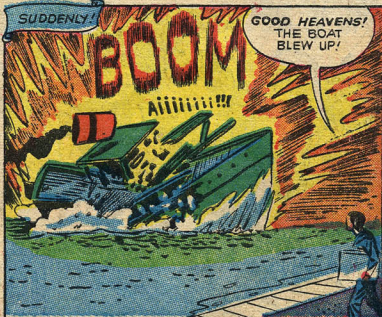
A Hand of FATE Mystery

#5

IN AN ART GALLERY IN LONDON, ONE MAY SEE THREE PAINTINGS BY REGINALD COLEMAN... TWO LANDSCAPES AND ONE SELF-PORTRAIT. THIS IS THE STRANGE STORY OF THOSE THREE PAINTINGS. ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON IN 1912, COLEMAN WAS STANDING ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES RIVER, PAINTING THE STREAM AND A SMALL PASSENGER BOAT WHICH HAPPENED TO BE PASSING...



MY FIRST COMPLETED PAINTING! I SHALL CALL IT "PASSAGE ON THE THAMES"!

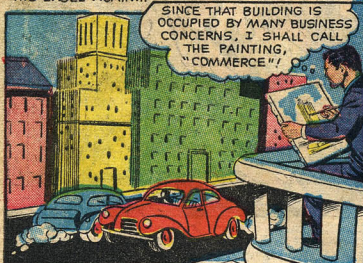


SUDDENLY!

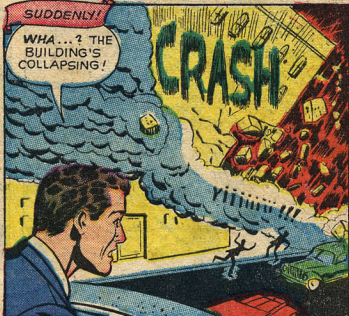
BOOM

GOOD HEAVENS! THE BOAT BLEW UP!

COLEMAN WAS SHOCKED BY THE NUMBER OF LIVES LOST IN THE EXPLOSION OF THE BOAT, AS HE WAS PAINTING IT. BUT TWO WEEKS LATER, HE WAS AT HIS EASEL AGAIN...



SINCE THAT BUILDING IS OCCUPIED BY MANY BUSINESS CONCERNS, I SHALL CALL THE PAINTING, "COMMERCE"!



SUDDENLY!

WHA...? THE BUILDING'S COLLAPSING!

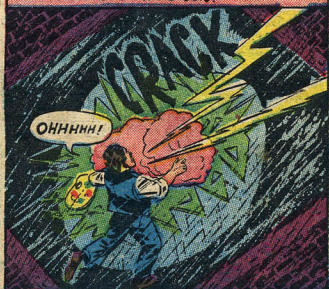
CRASH

CONVINCED THAT HIS PAINTINGS OF THE BOAT AND THE BUILDING HAD JINXED THOSE OBJECTS, COLEMAN SWITCHED FROM LANDSCAPES TO HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...



THAT STORM RAGING OUTSIDE... LIKE A FOREBODING OF DOOM! AH, MY SELF-PORTRAIT IS NEARLY FINISHED!

SUDDENLY, A STREAK OF LIGHTNING CRASHED INTO THE STUDIO!

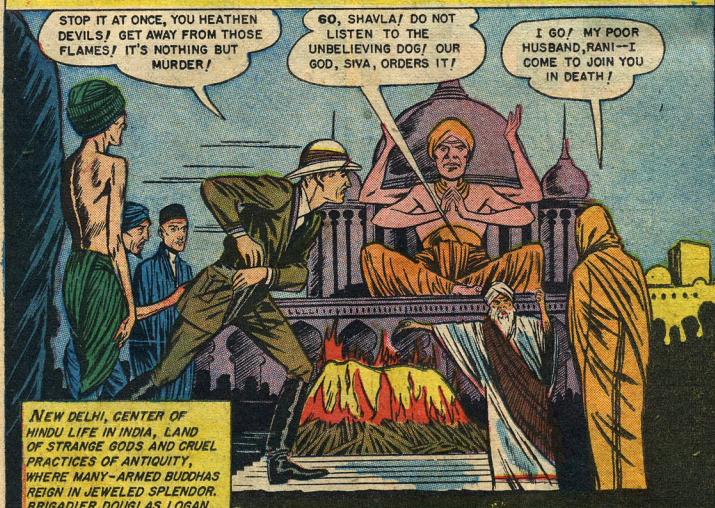


OHHHHH!

AND SO REGINALD COLEMAN DIED! EACH PICTURE HE HAD PAINTED BROUGHT DEATH TO SOMEONE. HIS LAST PAINTING, A SELF-PORTRAIT, HAD BROUGHT DEATH TO HIMSELF! JUST ANOTHER INEXPLICABLE MYSTERY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPER-NATURAL!

The End

BEWARE OF SIVA'S FLAMING WRATH



STOP IT AT ONCE, YOU HEATHEN DEVILS! GET AWAY FROM THOSE FLAMES! IT'S NOTHING BUT MURDER!

GO, SHAVLA! DO NOT LISTEN TO THE UNBELIEVING DOG! OUR GOD, SIVA, ORDERS IT!

I GO! MY POOR HUSBAND, RANI--I COME TO JOIN YOU IN DEATH!

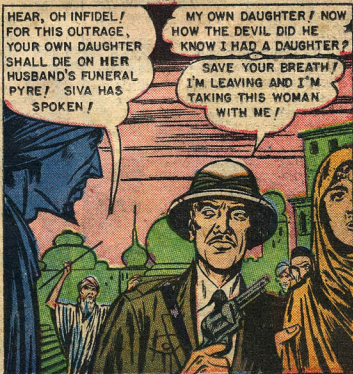
NEW DELHI, CENTER OF HINDU LIFE IN INDIA, LAND OF STRANGE GODS AND CRUEL PRACTICES OF ANTIQUITY, WHERE MANY-ARMED BUDDHAS REIGN IN JEWELLED SPLENDOR.

BRIGADIER DOUGLAS LOGAN HAD LIVED IN INDIA FOR TWENTY YEARS, BUT COULD NOT FATHOM THE FASCINATION OF THE OCCULT, FOR HE VIEWED THE MYSTIC LIFE WITH SCORN AND SKEPTICISM. AND EVEN THOUGH HE HAD PROMISED HIMSELF NEVER TO INTERFERE, HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ANCIENT PRACTICE OF SUTTEE, IN WHICH THE WIFE IS BURNT ALIVE UPON HER HUSBAND'S FLAMING GRAVE, REVOLTED HIM AND HE COULD NOT RESTRAIN HIS ACTIONS.



YOU'RE FORCING THIS WOMAN TO BURN HERSELF TO DEATH! I WON'T ALLOW IT! NOW, STAND BACK BEFORE I USE THIS PISTOL!

PROFANE ONE, YOU ARE INTERFERING WITH SIVA'S DESIRES! SUTTEE IS OUR AGE-OLD PRACTICE! LEAVE US, BEFORE YOU ARE ACCURSED!



HEAR, OH INFIDEL! FOR THIS OUTRAGE, YOUR OWN DAUGHTER SHALL DIE ON HER HUSBAND'S FUNERAL PYRE! SIVA HAS SPOKEN!

MY OWN DAUGHTER! NOW HOW THE DEVIL DID HE KNOW I HAD A DAUGHTER?

SAVE YOUR BREATH! I'M LEAVING AND I'M TAKING THIS WOMAN WITH ME!

AS LOGAN APPROACHED HIS HOME...

DID YOU REALLY WANT TO COMMIT SUTTEE AND DIE WITH YOUR HUSBAND?

N-NO, I DID NOT WANT TO DIE, BUT ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO BE OBEDIENT, AND SIVA, THE DESTROYER IS ALL POWERFUL!



NOW REMEMBER, SHAVLA, THIS IS MY HOME! YOU ARE WELCOME HERE ALWAYS! FEEL FREE TO CALL IF YOU NEED ME!

OH, THANK YOU! BUT I FEEL I HAVE BROUGHT ENOUGH TROUBLE TO YOUR HOME. PLEASE TAKE CARE OF YOUR DAUGHTER! GET HER OUT OF INDIA BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



LATER, WHEN GWEN LOGAN CAME HOME...

OH DAD, I JUST ATTENDED A WONDERFUL LECTURE ON SIVA, ONE OF THE INDIAN GODS! OF COURSE, IT'S ALL NONSENSE TO ME, BUT VERY FASCINATING... WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAD? YOU'VE TURNED PALE!

DID YOU SAY SIVA? HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO MIDDLE IN MYSTICISM? I HAD A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE TODAY-- PREVENTING A WOMAN FROM COMMITTING SUTTEE!



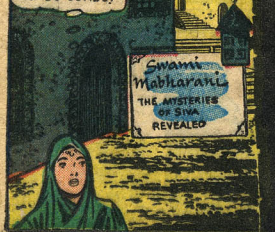
OH, FATHER, REALLY-- YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY! I'LL NEVER DO SUCH A HORRIBLE THING!

ALL RIGHT, GWEN-- BUT STAY AWAY FROM THOSE FOOLISH SEANCES!



BUT GWEN'S DABBING IN MYSTICISM HAD EXCITED HER SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE. THAT VERY EVENING...

IN THIS NATIVE COSTUME, I SHOULD PASS FOR AN INDIAN! I HEARD THE SWAMI WAS GOING TO INVOKE THE FIGURE OF SIVA OUT OF HOLY FLAME TONIGHT. I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS MUNBO-JUMBO!



NOW, FOLLOWERS OF SIVA, I WILL LIGHT THE SACRED FIRE, AND SOON, IF MY POWERS ARE GRANTED, THE DESTROYER HIMSELF WILL APPEAR!



BEHOLD THE MASTER OF DESTINY-- SIVA!

WHO CALLS UPON THE DESTROYER TO ATTEND A SEANCE, DEFILED BY ONE WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE?





SURELY,
MASTER,
THERE IS
SOME
MISTAKE!

NAY! THERE SHE SITS, MOCKING OUR
SACRED MYSTERIES! CURSED IS SHE FOR
SCORNING HER FATE! MY SACRED FLAME
WILL YET SEAR HER UNBELIEVING SOUL!



KILL THE INFIDEL! LET HER
BLOOD PURIFY OUR SEANCE
ONCE MORE!

AS GWEN REACHED THE STREET,
TERRIFIED WITH FRIGHT...



HELP! HELP!
THEY WANT TO
KILL ME!

HURRY, GET
BEHIND ME!

THE INNOCENT-LOOKING CANE SUD-
DENLY BECAME A LETHAL WEAPON!



DROP THOSE KNIVES, YOU
FANATICAL BEGGARS!

AIEEE!
MY HAND! MAY
SIVA CURSE
YOU TOO!

WHEN SIVA'S FOLLOWERS HAD
FLED...



SAY, YOU'RE
NOT AN INDIAN
GIRL AT ALL,
AND STRIKE
ME IF
YOU'RE NOT
BEAUTIFUL!

I- I'M GWEN
LOGAN--BRIGADIER
LOGAN'S DAUGH-
TER! I OWE MY
LIFE TO YOU AND
YOU WERE WONDER-
FUL TO HELP ME!
WO'N'T YOU TAKE
ME HOME? I'M STILL
SHIVERING ALL
OVER!

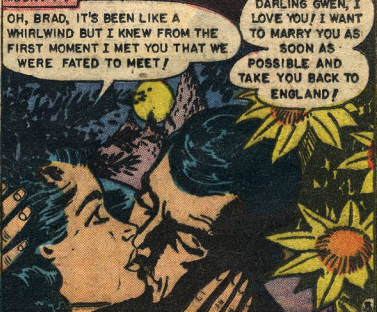
WHEN BRIGADIER LOGAN HEARD THE STORY...



I CAN'T FIND WORDS TO THANK
YOU, BRAD, BUT GWEN'S ALL
I'VE GOT IN THE WORLD!
I'M DEEPLY GRATEFUL AND
I WANT YOU TO CALL THIS
HOUSE YOUR OWN AS LONG
AS YOU'RE IN DELHI!

THANK YOU,
BRIGADIER! I'D
BE HAPPY TO KEEP
AN EYE ON YOUR
ROVING DAUGHTER
WHILE I'M HERE!
SHE'S A VERY
LOVELY GIRL!

BRAD AND GWEN WERE TOGETHER CONSTANTLY AND
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, BENEATH A MYSTICAL DELHI
MOON...



OH, BRAD, IT'S BEEN LIKE A
WHIRLWIND BUT I KNEW FROM THE
FIRST MOMENT I MET YOU THAT WE
WERE FATED TO MEET!

DARLING GWEN, I
LOVE YOU! I WANT
TO MARRY YOU AS
SOON AS
POSSIBLE AND
TAKE YOU BACK TO
ENGLAND!

LATER THAT EVENING...

WONDERFUL! WE'LL HOLD THE WEDDING RIGHT HERE! WHEN DO YOU HAVE TO GO HOME, BRAD?

NEXT WEEK! I CAME HERE AS CONSULTING CHEMIST FOR THE GOVERNMENT, BUT MY DUTIES ARE OVER AND I MUST RETURN TO MY COMPANY!



A DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING...

SACRED FIREWORKS TO THE GOD SIVA? I CAN'T MISS THAT! SOMEHOW I MUST GET DOWN TO THE RIVER TONIGHT!

OH, IT'S NOTHING, BRAD! THEY'RE JUST TALKING ABOUT THE PREPARATIONS FOR OUR WEDDING!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE! I'M MARRYING QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHED GIRL!



THAT NIGHT...

GWEN SAID SHE HAS A HEADACHE, BRAD! SHE WENT TO BED EARLY!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL BE ABLE TO INDULGE MY TERRIBLE CURIOSITY ABOUT THE MYSTERIES OF SIVA! EVEN THOUGH I LAUGH AT THIS CULT, I CAN'T HELP BEING THRILLED BY THE CEREMONIES!



LATER, ON A SECLUDED SECTION OF THE SACRED RIVER...

I'M GLAD NO ONE RECOGNIZES ME! THEY'RE ESPECIALLY FANATICAL TONIGHT! BUT HOW THRILLING TO LIVE WITH DANGER AND WITNESS THESE FORBIDDEN SIGHTS!

SIVA... SIVA DESTROYS!



SUDDENLY, WITH BLINDING EFFULGENCE...

SIVA SEEKS AN OUTCAST! SIVA WILL BLIND AND DESTROY WITH FIRE!

AIEEEE! IT'S PURSUING ME!

MERCY, GREAT SIVA!



GWEN SWAM WITH STRENGTH, SPURRED BY TERROR...

THERE SHE IS! SEIZE HER! LET THE INFIDEL BE A SACRIFICE!

MY LUNGS ARE BURSTING! I'LL NEVER GO NEAR ANOTHER SEANCE AS LONG AS I LIVE!



BACK IN THE SAFETY OF HER ROOM...

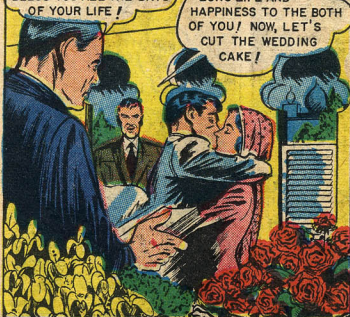
(GASP) THANK GOODNESS I KNOW THE BACKSTREETS OF DELHI! EVERY SECOND I THOUGHT I WOULD FEEL A KNIFE IN MY BACK! EVEN NOW I CAN STILL SEE THAT GHASTLY FLAMING FIGURE OF SIVA!



THE WEDDING WAS A GREAT SUCCESS...

BLESS YOU ALL THE DAYS
OF YOUR LIFE!

LONG LIFE AND
HAPPINESS TO THE BOTH
OF YOU! NOW, LET'S
CUT THE WEDDING
CAKE!



**BUT A STRANGE SYMBOL MARRED THE OTHERWISE
PERFECT WEDDING...**

BRAD, LOOK! THE BRIDE-
GROOM FIGURE HAS CAUGHT
FIRE! PUT IT OUT! OH,
I CAN'T LOOK!

NOW THE BRIDE HAS
CAUGHT FIRE, TOO!
GWEN, CALM YOUR-
SELF! IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT! THE
CANDLE TIPPED!



NOW, GWEN,
DON'T IMAGINE
ANYTHING
INTO THIS!
IT WAS JUST
AN ACCIDENT!
TOMORROW
WE'LL BE ON
OUR WAY TO
ENGLAND!

IT'S UNCANNY
HOW THAT
SUTTEE IMAGE
CROPS UP!

TAKE THE
BLASTED CAKE
AWAY,
QUICKLY!



THE NEXT MORNING...

ALL THESE
WEDDING GIFTS!
I WONDER
WHERE WE'LL
PUT THEM ALL?

IF MY EYES
DON'T DECEIVE
ME, HERE COMES
ANOTHER ONE!



WHY, IT'S
SHAVLA, THE
WOMAN I
SAVED FROM
SUTTEE!
WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE?

I COME, OH
HONORED SIR, TO
BRING A GIFT FOR
YOUR DAUGHTER!
BUT IT MUST NOT
BE OPENED UNTIL
SHE REACHES HER
NEW HOME!



SUDDENLY!

WHA...? SOMEONE
THREW A
KNIFE!

EEEEII!
BRAD, TAKE ME AWAY!
IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!



ALL THIS HORROR
WILL BE BLOTTED OUT
OF YOUR MIND
FOREVER, GWEN!

"SIVA DESTROYS"!
GREAT HEAVENS! THEY
FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH
HER? I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL
THERE'S MORE TO THIS
INDIAN MYSTICISM THAN
I'VE ALWAYS
BELIEVED!



THE SEA VOYAGE RESTORED GWEN'S SPIRITS, AND WHEN SHE REACHED HER NEW HOME IN ENGLAND...



WELCOME TO DANBURY HALL, GWEN / IT WAS GRANDFATHER'S HOME AND NOW IT'S OURS!

OH, BRAD, IT'S BEAUTIFUL! / I KNOW WE'RE GOING TO BE HAPPY HERE!

THE NEXT DAY, WHILE UNPACKING HER WEDDING GIFTS...



NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THIS? IT HASN'T ANY NAME ON IT AND I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO SENT IT!

THE EASIEST WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO OPEN IT!

GWEN RECOILED WITH INSTANT SHOCK!



IT-IT'S A BRONZE FIGURE OF SIVA / THAT INDIAN IDOL PURSUES ME WHEREVER I GO!

WE'LL THROW THE UGLY THING OUT / WE DON'T HAVE TO KEEP IT IF YOU ARE FRIGHTENED OF IT!

NO! THE ONLY WAY TO CONQUER FEAR IS TO FIGHT IT! I'M PUTTING SIVA RIGHT ON THE MANTLEPIECE! HE CAN SIT THERE UNTIL I GET TIRED OF LOOKING AT HIS UGLY FACE!

THAT'S MY GIRL! NOW HOW ABOUT SOME IDEAS FOR OUR HOUSEWARMING? MY FRIENDS ARE DYING TO MEET YOU!



THE AFTERNOON OF THE HOUSEWARMING PARTY...

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A SEANCE? HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH OF THAT PHONY MYSTICISM IN INDIA?

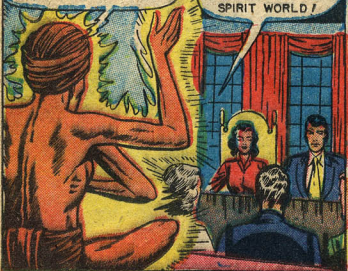
OH, JUST THIS ONCE, BRAD! YOUR FRIENDS WILL LOVE IT! I'LL MAKE A PERFECT MEDIUM AND YOU CAN PROVIDE THE MYSTERIOUS VOICES!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE SEANCE...

THE NAME OF GREAT SIVA HAS BEEN DESECRATED! STOP THIS FOOLISH MEDDLING BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

GOODNESS, I'M FRIGHTENED! THAT VOICE SOUNDS AS IF IT CAME FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD!



WHEN THE PARTY BROKE UP...

YOU WERE PERFECT AT THE SEANCE, BRAD! ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU IMITATED THE VOICE OF SIVA! IT REALLY GAVE ME GOOSEPIMPLES!

THE VOICE OF SIVA? BUT I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT! GWEN, IT WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL BUT LET'S NOT HAVE ANY MORE OF IT!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...

FATHER'S ARRIVING IN A FEW DAYS, BRAD! I WANT TO HAVE A BIG PARTY, AND YOU MUSTN'T REFUSE ME, BRAD--I WANT A BIG, GLORIOUS, PHONY SEANCE WITH FIREWORKS AND ALL! I PROMISE IT'LL BE THE LAST ONE!

GWEN, I'VE GOT TO CHECK THIS FORMULA! ALL RIGHT, ANYTHING YOU SAY, BUT I MUST HAVE YOUR WORD THAT IT'S THE LAST ONE!

IT WAS A BAY, CAREFREE PARTY...

SEANCE! COME ON, GWEN, LET'S HAVE THE SEANCE!

WONDERFUL PARTY, GWEN! BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A SEANCE!

IT'S A BIG SURPRISE, DAD! THIS WILL REALLY BOWL YOU OVER!

SOON...

AND I CALL UPON YOU, GREAT SIVA, THE DESTROYER, TO COME IN FLAMES AND BRING YOUR WISDOM TO THE SEANCE!

SUDDENLY!

SIVA HAS COME TO FULFILL YOUR DESTINY, OH FALSE MYSTIC! I BRING THE FLAME OF VENGEANCE DOWN UPON YOU!

OH NO! TAKE THAT AWFUL THING AWAY! BRAD! BRAD!

THOSE CHEMICAL SPARKLERS AROUND SIVA! MY CLOTHING'S CAUGHT FIRE! GWEN, DON'T COME NEAR ME!

BRAD, YOU'RE BURNING! I MUST HELP!

IN SECONDS, THE GAUZY DRESS BECAME A FLAMING PYRE!

MY DRESS--IT'S ALL AFLAME! I'M BURNING ALL OVER!

AIEEEEE!

IT'S TOO LATE! HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS SCENE AS LONG AS I LIVE!

WHEN THE BLACKENED BODIES HAD BEEN REMOVED...

LOOK! THAT FIGURE OF SIVA IS GONE! AND THAT STRANGE WRITING! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, LOGAN?

IT--IT SAYS: "FULFILLED... THE VENGEANCE OF SIVA HAS BEEN FULFILLED!"

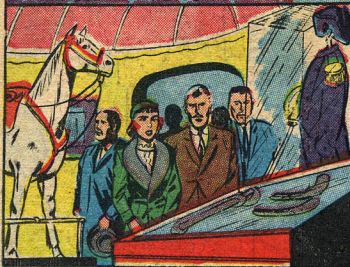
THE END

A Hand of FATE Mystery

6

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IS TO BE FOUND AT LES INVALIDES IN PARIS. AND IN A NEARBY BUILDING IS A ROOM FILLED WITH MANY OF THE OBJECTS ONCE OWNED AND USED BY THIS FRENCH LEADER. HERE ARE TO BE SEEN HIS SWORDS, HIS UNIFORMS, THE BED ON WHICH HE SLEPT DURING HIS CAMPAIGNS IN THE FIELD. THERE IS EVEN HIS FAMOUS WHITE HORSE, STUFFED AND PRESERVED FOR PATRIOTIC FRENCHMEN TO VIEW...

SO IMPRESSIVE WERE THE PERSONAL BELONGINGS OF NAPOLEON, THAT VISITORS TO THE EXHIBIT COULD ALMOST FEEL THE PRESENCE OF THE OFFICER WHO BECAME AN EMPEROR.

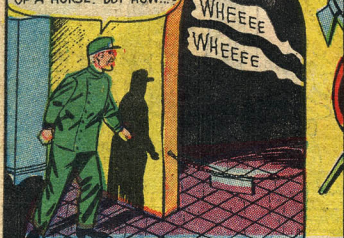


IN 1921, THE CARETAKER OF THE EXHIBIT WAS AN OLD MAN NAMED CLAUDE DELESSEPS. HE WAS PROUD OF HIS POSITION AS GUARDIAN OF THE NAPOLEONIC RELICS.



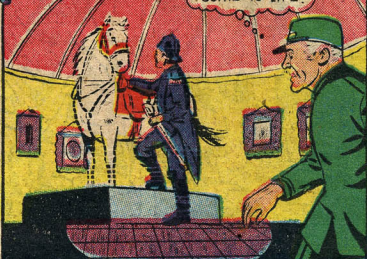
ONE NIGHT, IN THIS YEAR OF 1921, OLD DELESSEPS WAS ALONE IN THE CORRIDOR JUST OUTSIDE THE ROOM OF THE EXHIBIT, WHEN HE SUDDENLY HEARD...

IT IS THE WHINNYING OF A HORSE! BUT HOW...?



DELESSEPS ENTERED THE ROOM AND WAS SURPRISED TO SEE...

MON DIEU! IT IS NAPOLEON HIMSELF... AND HIS HORSE... COME TO LIFE!



THE SIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR OLD DELESSEPS. HE FAINTED...

OH!!!



WHEN DELESSEPS REGAINED HIS SENSES MOMENTS LATER...

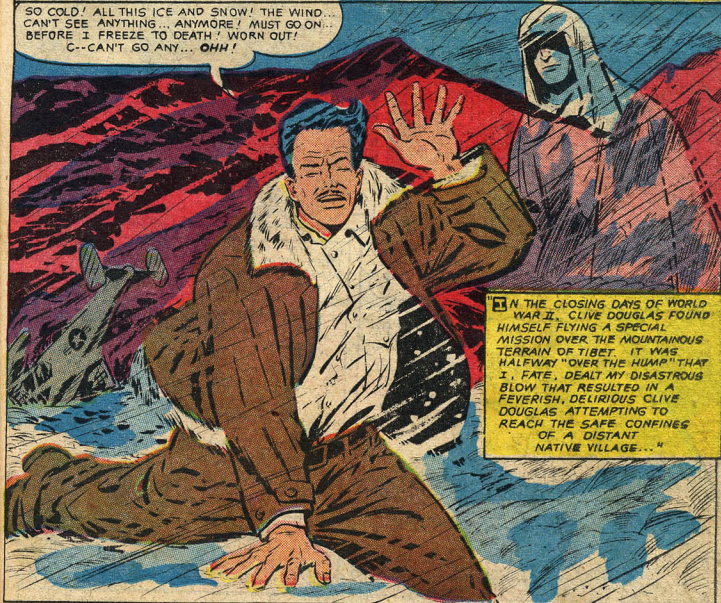
HE IS GONE! ALL IS AS BEFORE! BUT NOW I REMEMBER... THE EMPEROR DIED EXACTLY 100 YEARS AGO TODAY... IN 1921! COULD IT BE THAT...?



The End

BRIDE of the GOLDEN SKULL

SO COLD! ALL THIS ICE AND SNOW! THE WIND...
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING... ANYMORE! MUST GO ON...
BEFORE I FREEZE TO DEATH! WORN OUT!
C--CAN'T GO ANY... OHH!



IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF WORLD WAR II, CLIVE DOUGLAS FOUND HIMSELF FLYING A SPECIAL MISSION OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN OF TIBET. IT WAS HALFWAY "OVER THE HUMP" THAT I, FATE, DEALT MY DISASTROUS BLOW THAT RESULTED IN A FEVERISH, DELIRIOUS CLIVE DOUGLAS ATTEMPTING TO REACH THE SAFE CONFINES OF A DISTANT NATIVE VILLAGE...

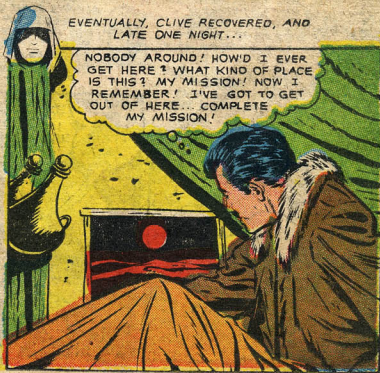
HE COLLAPSED IN A SNOW DRIFT, BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER HE AWOKE FROM HIS COMA. STILL IN A DELIRIUM, AND SEEMED TO SEE...

A GIRL! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!
WH--WHERE AM I! CAN'T
SEEM TO SPEAK! MUST
PULL OUT OF IT!

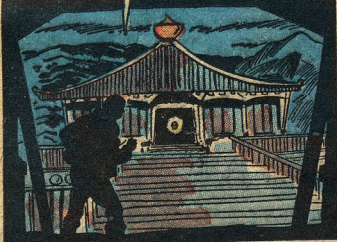


EVENTUALLY, CLIVE RECOVERED, AND LATE ONE NIGHT...

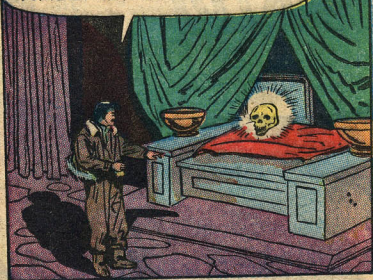
NOBODY AROUND! HOW'D I EVER
GET HERE? WHAT KIND OF PLACE
IS THIS? MY MISSION! NOW I
REMEMBER! I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE... COMPLETE
MY MISSION!



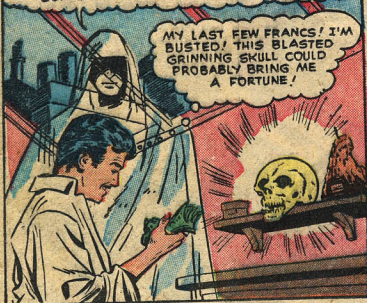
EITHER THIS PLACE IS DESERTED OR EVERYBODY'S ASLEEP! DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE FRIENDLY... BUT I'M NOT HANGING AROUND TO...WHAT'S THAT? MUST BE SOME SORT OF A TEMPLE... OR SHRINE! THAT LOOKS LIKE A SKULL IN THERE! A GOLDEN SKULL!



THAT'S WHAT IT IS! A SKULL MADE OUT OF GOLD... AND SITTING RIGHT HERE ON A THRONE! IT MUST BE SOME IDOL OF WORSHIP! THE SUPERSTITIOUS IDIOTS AROUND HERE PROBABLY DON'T EVEN KNOW ITS VALUE! MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE! I'LL TAKE IT ALONG!

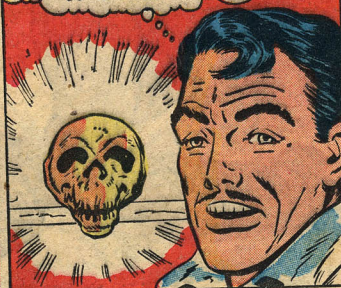


WITH THE THEFT OF THE GOLDEN SKULL, CLIVE BARELY REALIZED HE HAD SEALED HIS OWN FATE. YEARS LATER HE FOUND HIMSELF RESIDING IN PARIS AND SUFFERING HEAVY REVERSES...



MY LAST FEW FRANCS! I'M BUSTED! THIS BLASTED GRINNING SKULL COULD PROBABLY BRING ME A FORTUNE!

BUT I'D BETTER NOT! MAYBE SOME AUTHORITIES FROM TIBET REPORTED IT WAS STOLEN! MAYBE THEY'RE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR IT! I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE! I'D GO TO PRISON!



THERE WAS NO PEACEFUL REST FOR CLIVE DOUGLAS. DAY BY DAY, HE LIVED IN FEAR OF DISCOVERY, AND WITH THE COMING OF NIGHT, HE SUFFERED THE TORMENT OF A RECURRENT DREAM, A NIGHTMARE THAT HAD PLAGUED HIM FROM THE TIBETAN INTERIOR...

ALWAYS CLIVE WOULD BE FLOATING HELPLESSLY IN SPACE, CLUTCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT WASN'T THERE... SOMETHING BY WHICH HE COULD DRAW HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE PURSUING HORROR...

NO! NEVER! I'LL NEVER TAKE YOU BACK! YOU'RE MINE! HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENING? OH... I'M HAVING THAT HORRIBLE DREAM AGAIN! THAT CURSED SKULL WON'T GIVE ME A MOMENT'S REST... AND IT TALKS TO ME!


I SHALL TAUNT YOUR EVERY HOUR! YOU SHALL KNOW NO REST!



NO! NO! GET AWAY FROM ME!


I SHALL FORCE YOU TO YOUR FATE... YOUR IMPENDING DOOM, UNTIL I AM RETURNED TO MY RIGHTFUL PLACE!





AT LENGTH, ALMOST TO THE POINT OF HIS MIND SNAPPING, CLIVE SCREAMED AT THE GRINNING SYMBOL OF DEATH...

WHY? WHY? WHY MUST YOU HAUNT MY EVERY LIVING MOMENT? WHY DON'T YOU STOP THIS TORMENT, BEFORE I GO INSANE?



AND THEN IT HAPPENED FOR THE FIRST TIME. THIS WAS NO DREAM! THE GOLDEN SKULL REALLY SPOKE!

I SHALL NOT RELENT, CLIVE DOUGLAS! I MUST BE RETURNED FROM WHENCE I WAS STOLEN! UNTIL THEN, YOUR SUFFERING WILL KNOW NO BOUNDS!

WHA...? IT--IT SPOKE!




SO YOU WANT TO BE RETURNED, EH? YOU WON'T LET UP ON ME, EH? HA! HA! WELL, I'VE GOT A WAY OUT! I'LL GET RID OF YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL! YOUR LITTLE GAME IS OVER!




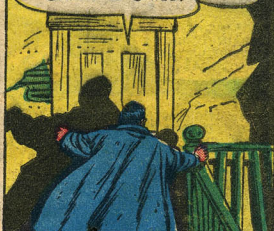
THE GOLDEN SKULL CONCEALED UNDER HIS COAT, CLIVE SPED TOWARD THE RIVER SEINE, AND IN THE SHADOW OF NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL...

HA! HA! IT MAY NOT BE TOO DEEP, BUT THE LOOSE SAND AT THE BOTTOM WILL SUCK YOU UNDER! NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW, AND I'M RID OF YOUR CURSED HAUNTING FOREVER!



FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, CLIVE WATCHED THE SHINING OBJECT SINK LOWER AND LOWER INTO THE DEPTHS. ALMOST GLEE-FUL AT RIDDING HIMSELF OF HIS OPPRESSOR, HE RETURNED HOME...

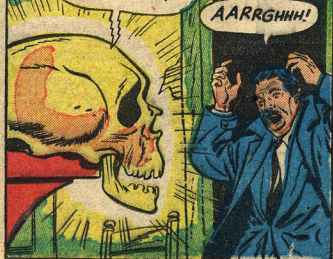
IT'S GONE... GONE FOREVER! A FORTUNE THROWN AWAY, BUT MY SANITY IS SAVED!



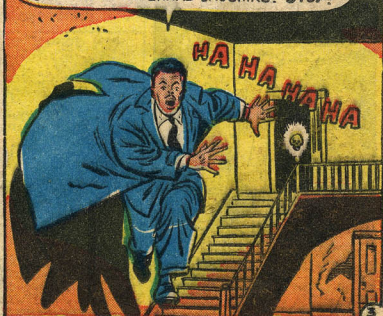
BUT NO SOONER HAD HE OPENED THE DOOR, THAN A OMINOUS, HOLLOW VOICE GREETED HIM...

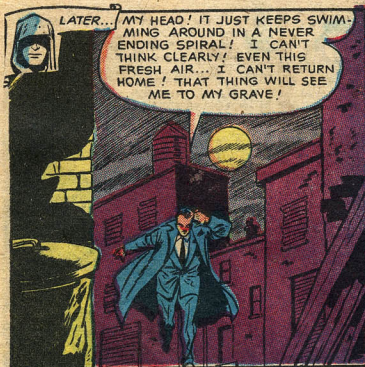
WELCOME HOME, CLIVE! DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD RID YOURSELF OF ME SO EASILY?

AARRGHHH!

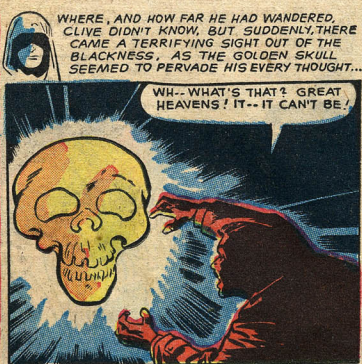


STOP! STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! STOP THAT INFERNAL LAUGHING! STOP!





LATER... MY HEAD! IT JUST KEEPS SWIMMING AROUND IN A NEVER ENDING SPIRAL! I CAN'T THINK CLEARLY! EVEN THIS FRESH AIR... I CAN'T RETURN HOME! THAT THING WILL SEE ME TO MY GRAVE!



WH--WHAT'S THAT? GREAT HEAVENS! IT--IT CAN'T BE!



WH--WHY, IT'S GONE! GONE, JUST AS QUICKLY AS IT APPEARED! MUST'VE BEEN MY IMAGINATION!

NO! THERE IT IS AGAIN! SHINING THERE JUST AS SURE, AS...

OOH! IT'S JUST A NEON SIGN! THE "GOLDEN SKULL" CAFE! WHY, THIS CAN'T BE JUST A COINCIDENCE!

Golden Skull CAFE



THERE WAS A STRANGE FASCINATION ABOUT THE PLACE THAT DREW CLIVE TOWARD IT LIKE A MAGNET. UNABLE TO RESIST, HE ENTERED...



WHY, THIS PLACE SEEMS ORIENTAL! IT'S LIKE... SOME SECTION OF TIBET!

YOU'VE BEEN A LONG TIME COMING, MR. DOUGLAS! FOLLOW ME!



YOU! YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL...THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'VE EVER SEEN! WHO ARE YOU? I SEEM TO REMEMBER SEEING YOU BEFORE... SOMEWHERE... SOMETIME!

COME! FOLLOW ME, CLIVE DOUGLAS!



SHE'S GORGEOUS! I CAN'T SEEM... TO RESIST! I MUST FOLLOW HER! I MUST BE WITH HER... ALWAYS!

IN HERE! MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!



FEVERISHLY, CLIVE RACKED HIS BRAIN THINKING OF SOME QUESTION TO PUT TO HER THERE WAS SO MUCH HE WANTED TO KNOW... BUT WHERE TO BEGIN?

I--I'VE BEEN IN PARIS FOR SEVERAL MONTHS... KNOW THE TOWN BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS. BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE! AND THE NAME...THE "GOLDEN SKULL"... WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

LET US DINE FIRST! WE SHALL TALK LATER!

THE GOLDEN SKULL IS A TIBETAN CULT... FROM WHICH I ORIGINATED! UNTIL SIX YEARS AGO, WE WORSHIPPED A GOLDEN SKULL WHICH WAS **STOLEN** FROM US!

COULD SHE POSSIBLY KNOW? I-- I CAN'T THINK! THIS INCENSE!

I... I NEED YOU! THERE'S SOME INEXPLICABLE FORCE WHICH IMPELS ME TO... WH-- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

NEVER FEAR! I SHALL RETURN! SOMETHING URGENT CALLS ME AWAY FOR A MOMENT! WE SHALL BE TOGETHER AGAIN... SHORTLY!

AMID A STRANGE, FEARFUL APPREHENSION, CLIVE FELT THE TIME PASS, AND THEN LISTENED IN SORROW TO THE SERVANT'S MESSAGE...

MISSY REGRET SHE CANNOT RETURN SO SOON... EXTEND APOLOGIES! SAY TO TELL YOU... LOOKING FORWARD TO NEXT MEETING!

C-CAN'T RETURN? TELL HER I'LL BE BACK-- TOMORROW!

FORGOTTEN FOR THE MOMENT WAS THE TORMENT OF THE MENACING SKULL. BUT NO SOONER HAD CLIVE CRAWLED INTO BED IN HOPES OF GAINING HIS MUCH NEEDED REST, THAN THE RITUAL BEGAN AGAIN...

YOU MUST RETURN ME, CLIVE! I MUST BE RESTORED AMONG MY PEOPLE!

NO! NO! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

AGAIN ROBBED OF SLEEP BY THE HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE, CLIVE RESORTED ONCE MORE TO AN ATTEMPT AT RIDDING HIMSELF OF HIS NEMESIS...

IT'S GOLD... **REAL GOLD!** I DON'T WANT TO PAWN IT... I WANT TO **SELL IT!** YOU CAN HAVE IT... **CHEAP!**

A MOST STRANGE OBJECT, MONSIEUR! VERY WELL, I'LL **BUY IT!**

MAYBE I'M RID OF THE THING FOR GOOD NOW! IT'S ONLY TWO O'CLOCK! THE "GOLDEN SKULL" WON'T BE OPEN YET! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HER AGAIN! SHE'S THE MOST EXQUISITE CREATURE I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUSTN'T EVER LEAVE HER AGAIN!

EAGERLY, CLIVE AWAITED THE APPROACH OF EVENING. IN THE DARKNESS, HE STUMBLED OVER THE COBBLE-STONE STREETS OF THE ORIENTAL QUARTER. THEN...

SHE'S HERE! SHE'S MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER, AND SHE'S BECKONING TO ME! UGH! THE SMOKE IN THIS PLACE!

I MUST SPEAK TO YOU! I'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE! I NEED YOU! I MUST BE NEAR YOU... AND WHAT ALWAYS!

OF THE **GOLDEN SKULL**, CLIVE DOUGLAS? I HAD EXPECTED YOU TO BRING IT TONIGHT!



THE -- THE **GOLDEN SKULL**? THEN YOU KNOW? BUT HOW... I MEAN, I HAVEN'T GOT IT ANY MORE! I -- I SOLD IT!



ONE WHO STEALS IT DOESN'T PART WITH IT SO EASILY! RECALL THE TIME YOU THREW IT INTO THE SEINE! YOU STILL HAVE IT... BUT YOU MUST RETURN IT TO ME!

YES! YES, I WILL! BUT TELL ME YOU'LL BE MINE! I'LL GO GET THE **GOLDEN SKULL**! I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU... BUT YOU MUST SAY YOU'LL BE MINE... FOREVER!

YOU MUST BRING THE SKULL TO ME, FIRST! THEN, IF YOU WANT ME STILL, I'LL BE YOURS!



WITH HER WORDS RE-ECHOING THROUGH HIS CLOUDED MIND, CLIVE DASHED OUT AND BOUNDED INTO THE NIGHT...

SHE SAID IT! I'LL HAVE HER NEAR ME, FOREVER! IF ONLY SHE'S RIGHT! IF ONLY THE SKULL HAS RETURNED! IT **MUST** BE THERE!



OVER THE COBBLESTONES HE RACED, PAUSING NEVER A MOMENT. AT LAST, REACHING THE STEPS, HE SPED UP THE RICKETY STAIRS AND BURST INTO HIS ROOM...

IT'S HERE! IT'S COME BACK TO TORTURE ME AGAIN! BUT NOT THIS TIME! SHE KNEW... SHE KNEW ALL ALONG!



SOON, BACK AT THE CAFE...

YOU'VE BROUGHT IT BACK! GOOD! GIVE IT TO ME!

HERE! I... **NO! WAIT!** THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE I DON'T UNDERSTAND! TO YOU THIS SKULL SEEMS TO REPRESENT **MORE** THAN A MERE FIGUREHEAD TO WORSHIP! BEFORE I GIVE IT TO YOU, YOU MUST TELL ME!



VERY WELL-- I'LL TELL YOU! MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, MY PEOPLE HAD A WISE AND CULTURED RULER! **THIS MAN WAS MY HUSBAND!** AWARE OF HIS IMPENDING DEATH, HE TOLD ME HIS SPIRIT WOULD COME TO HELP ME RULE WISELY! IT CAME IN THE FORM OF THIS SKULL... **HIS SKULL!**



"HE IMPARTS HIS GREAT WISDOM TO ME, WHEN THE SKULL SPEAKS, AND I, IN TURN, IMPART HIS TEACHINGS TO MY PEOPLE. FROM THE REGION OF THE HEREAFTER, HE HAS LEARNED MUCH AND SO KEPT ME FROM THE DEATH KNOWN TO OTHER MORTALS..."



AND NOW, YOU MUST GIVE ME THE SKULL!

WAIT! YOU MUST NOT FORGET OUR BARGAIN! IN RETURN FOR THE SKULL, YOU PROMISED TO BE MINE... TO BE WITH ME FOREVER!



YES! IF YOU STILL WANT ME AFTER I HAVE THE SKULL!

STILL WANT YOU? I SHALL ALWAYS WANT YOU! HERE-- TAKE THIS ACCURSED THING FROM ME!

WAIT! I AM NOT ALWAYS THE WAY YOU SEE ME/LET ME PULL THIS CORD AND REVEAL TO YOU MY TRUE SELF! THEN, IF YOU WANT ME, I AM YOURS!

I-- I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



NOW, CLIVE DOUGLAS! LOOK CLOSELY! THIS IS THE WAY I REALLY AM! DO YOU STILL WANT ME TO BE YOURS... FOREVER? HA HA HA!

WHAT? NO! NO! AIEEEEEEE!



HA HA HA HA! DO I REPULSE YOU, CLIVE DOUGLAS? HA HA HA!

LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME OUT!



YES-- CLIVE DOUGLAS SEALED HIS OWN FATE WHEN HIS LUST IMPULSED HIM TO STEAL THE GOLDEN SKULL FROM THAT TIBETAN SHRINE! THIS IS HOW POOR CLIVE ENDED UP!

LISTEN TO HIM SCREAM! HE WAS FOUND IN AN EMPTY LOT, INSISTING IT WAS A PLACE CALLED THE "GOLDEN SKULL" CAFE! SOME OF THESE FELLOWS SURE HAVE WEIRD IMAGINATIONS, ALL RIGHT!

NO! NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! STAY AWAY!



THE END

THE HAND

"All right, what am I bid for this beautiful, antique, gold watch?" The thundering voice pounded against the ear drums of the annoyed crowds shifting in both directions along West 46th Street. It was merciless, unrelenting. Jules looked up at the loud-speaker above the door of the antique shop, dropped his half-smoked cigarette to the pavement and, after grinding it out, ambled through the open door.

"Only seventeen dollars? Oh, come, come, ladies and gentlemen. You can't be serious." Unmagnified within the store, the auctioneer's bellowing wasn't half so irritating as it had been to Jules' ears out on the street. But Jules gave little attention to the obnoxious man on the dais. He was looking around, studying the faces of the other prospective customers.

"Seventeen, once. Seventeen twice. Third and last time. Sold!" Jules watched in amusement as the little, roly-poly man scurried toward the platform, a small roll of bills tightly clenched in his hand. What amazing ability, he thought, referring to the auctioneer. The proper stressing of the proper tones and he soon had his audience in the palm of his hand, worked up into a feverish pitch for the mere purpose of extorting a few dollars for his mostly worthless junk.

But suddenly, he was no longer an outsider. His resistance faded and he found himself being drawn closer in order to get a good look at the beautifully carved wooden box the auctioneer was holding aloft. It was solid black, probably mahogany, thought Jules. In length, he estimated it to be about eighteen inches.

It stood about six inches in width and height. The designs, meticulously carved, within borders, were of the most expert craftsmanship and were clearly Oriental. Perhaps from India, Jules mused.

"And now, to stimulate your interest and your gambling instincts, we offer the piece de resistance." The auctioneer was high-pressuring again, but Jules didn't seem to mind it too much. "There's no telling what is contained in this box," the auctioneer proclaimed in defiance to anyone who might think otherwise. "I assure you I haven't the faintest idea and neither has the owner of this shop or any of the salesmen. There may be a fortune in jewels. There may be last year's calendar — if anything's more worthless."

Jules was intrigued now. Even if it were empty, it'd surely draw a decent sum in some curio shop as an objet d'art.

"Who'll take a chance? Who'll start the bidding at five dollars? Will somebody offer five? All right, then. Three dollars. Ahh, I have two. Two dollars offered for this beautifully carved box. Who'll say more? Who'll say three?"

"Three." The word was scarcely out before Jules

realized he'd made the bid. Suddenly he regretted it. He didn't want the black box. Suppose nobody else would bid. He'd be stuck with it and he'd be out three bills. He cursed himself under his breath. Why couldn't he keep his big mouth shut?

"Three. I have three. Who'll make it five? Who'll . . . What's that? Four. I have four dollars." Jules turned to glare at the man who'd offered four. He knew he didn't want the box and yet he hated this man who was trying to outbid him for it.

"Five," Jules shouted. Little dots of perspiration oozed out onto his brow. His breathing became heavy and his temples throbbed. His stiff arms marked a downward trail to clenched fists. Tight-lipped, he wondered if his weakness, the inability to make up his mind, was apparent to those around him. Hang it all! He almost said it aloud. Now he wanted the box. And nothing short of the eighteen dollars and ninety-six cents he had with him would keep it from him.

"Six," came a distant voice. And before the auctioneer could repeat the bid, an adamant "Seven" thundered from Jules!

"I have seven. Seven dollars for this beautiful box, the contents of which are unknown. Seven dollars. Seven dollars, once. Seven dollars, twice! And . . ."

"Eight!" Jules was ready to strangle the man in back.

"I have eight. Eight dollars."

"Nine!" Again, Jules cursed under his breath. He shut his eyes, trying to control himself. Tensely, he awaited a cry of "Ten" from the man in back. The bellowing auctioneer became annoying again. What he was babbling, Jules didn't know.

"Sold!" The one word brought him out of his trance.

He felt a little dazed. He was standing outside, feeling the cool Autumn breeze caressing his cheek. His breathing came easier, once out of the smoke-filled store. Something was pressing into his side. He looked down. A package. There was a package under his arm. The box was his.

Jules twisted the key in the lock and dropped it into his pocket. Quickly, he tore the wrappings from around the box. He fumbled with it carelessly, trying to find out how it opened. He set it on the table, turned it one way, then the other. He stood it up on an end. Suddenly, he backed away, staring in disbelief, his mouth agape. There was no opening. There wasn't even a line where one of the six sides connected with another.

It was a solid block of wood!

And yet it couldn't be, Jules reasoned. For a piece of mahogany this size to be solid, it would have to weigh much more. For the first time, Jules shook the box. It rattled.

There was definitely something inside. But what?

To crack the box open would mean ruining the beautiful craftsmanship that went into designing it. If something very valuable were inside, it might be worth it. And here, the auctioneer's words came back to him. "There may be a fortune in jewels. There may be last year's calendar—if anything's more worthless."

Jules turned away and started to undress for bed. Every now and then he'd glance over at the box where it sat prominently at the edge of the table. At length, he turned out the light and slipped into bed. But the matter weighed heavily on his mind and robbed him of sleep. He tossed and turned for what seemed like hours—his mind constantly on the black box.

"Wish to heaven I knew what was in it," he muttered, half-aloud. A sudden crashing sound, accompanied with the splintering of wood resounded in the darkness. Startled beyond his wits, Jules quickly sat bolt upright in his bed. It was over as quickly as it had come. Fearfully, Jules remained immobile for several moments. Then, certain of his solitude and his safety, he slowly rose and reached for the switch.

What he saw made his blood curdle. There, resting on the table, the splintered mahogany box lying in pieces around it, was a hand. The shape was definitely that of a human hand, but the color was unlike anything human Jules had ever seen before. In places, it seemed decayed—in others, petrified. The hand had been severed half-way up the forearm and Jules recoiled as he noticed parts of the forearm bones protruding from the emaciated layer of flesh. He knew he could never touch the disgusting thing, but finally collecting his nerve, he ventured closer for better scrutiny.

"Busted wide open," he muttered, when at last his gaze fell upon the chunks of split wood. "Something just busted the whole thing apart. I guess it's worthless now . . . but how on Earth. . . ? I got my wish, all right. I found out what was in the box, but I sure wish it was intact again."

No sooner were the words uttered than Jules' mouth fell open and his eyes almost popped right out of their sockets. There, on the table before him, the hand began to move! Slowly it began crawling around the table, gathering each piece of wood and assembling them into its original box formation. It placed each sliver, each splinter back in position with precision movements. At length, when the job was finished, it came to a complete stop next to the box. For

a long minute, Jules stared at the hand as if hypnotized.

"It's alive," he whispered to himself hoarsely. "That thing's alive!" And a slow realization came to him. He'd wished to know the contents of the box and the hand had burst its way out. He'd wished the box intact again and the hand had complied. Ideas began forming in Jules' mind—but he'd have to make tests first.

"Lay out some fresh clothes for me for the morning!" He'd barked it like a command. The hand remained motionless. Jules stared, frightened for a moment. Then, he realized his error. Choosing his words carefully, Jules spoke again.

"I wish my clothes were all laid out neatly for the morning," he said. The hand started moving. It crawled off the table into mid-air in the direction of the dresser. It pulled the drawer open, removed a shirt, some underwear and socks and placed them neatly in an easy chair. A quick thought occurred to Jules.

"I wish you'd put them back," he said. The hand refused to budge. A wish, Jules realized, cannot be countermanded. But still, the hand would do whatever he wished. He suddenly thought of old Mr. Wilton, his next door neighbor. Rumor had it that he was fabulously rich and kept all his money about like a miser.

"Mr. Wilton's money," he whispered to the hand. "I wish I had all of Mr. Wilton's money." His eyes danced excitedly as the hand crawled toward the door, opened it and floated out. Jules waited in the stillness, pacing up and down. Suddenly, he stopped cold as a piercing shriek shattered the night. His eyes were on the door. Presently, it opened again and the hand, clutching a large roll of bills floated in.

Jules waited. All was still again. He knew what had happened. Old Mr. Wilton was dead. The hand had done it. And Jules was responsible. Murder was more than he'd bargained for! He hadn't intended it this way—but how was the hand to know what Jules had intended?

"Murder!" Jules whispered the word repeatedly, in a daze.

When he snapped out of it, he brought his attention back to the disgusting thing on the table.

"You! YOU!" he screamed. "I wish I'd never set eyes on you!" The words were scarcely out before Jules knew what he'd said. The floating hand approached him. Jules backed himself into a corner . . . trapped! In an instant, the hand was climbing up his robe. Then, despite his screaming, it was tearing his hands away from his face. Jules fought to protect his eyes, in vain!

And another piercing shriek shattered the night!

THE END

LURE of the ZOMBIE DIAMONDS

STAY OUT OF HERE, YOU DIRTY WELSHER! WE'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR FAT BODY IF YOU SHOW YOUR FACE AGAIN!

IMAGINE THAT BEACHCOMBING BUM PLAYING ROULETTE WITHOUT A BUCK TO HIS NAME!

HAW, HAW! STRIKE ME BLIND IF IT AIN'T WILLIE FERGUSON! WILLIE THE BEACHCOMBER! HAW, HAW!

OWW! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

WILLIE FERGUSON WAS CROOKED DOWN TO THE MARROW OF HIS BONES, BUT NOW ALL HIS SCHEMING, DOUBLE-DEALING TRICKS WERE KNOWN THROUGHOUT EVERY BEATEN PATH OF THE SOUTH SEAS AND NO MAN TRUSTED THE FAT TRADER. BEACHCOMBING ON TAMANA IN THE GILBERTS, WILLIE FOUND HE WASN'T WELCOME AT ANY GAMBLING TABLE WITHOUT LEGAL TENDER. NOW, AS HE WAS EXPELLED FROM A GAMBLING DEN, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE FATE THAT LAY IN STORE FOR HIM...



WHO ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, YOU SCURVY OLD BEGGAR! I'LL SMASH YOUR RATTLING HEAD SO'S YOU'LL NEVER LAUGH AT WILLIE FERGUSON AGAIN!

WILLIE, DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD FRIEND, HENRY JENKINS? I WAS JUST FOOLIN'!



HENRY? BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BURN MY SOUL, IF YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU'VE AGED THIRTY YEARS IN THE TWO YEARS I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU!

I'VE BEEN TO HELL AND BACK, WILLIE! I DIDN'T CHANGE THIS WAY FOR NOTHING!



BUT HOW COME YOU'VE BEEN REDUCED TO BEING A BEGGAR, HENRY? YOU ALWAYS MADE A GOOD LIVING CHEATING THE NATIVES!

YES, I WAS ROLLING IN WEALTH, BUT IT'S ALL GONE NOW AND I HOPE I WON'T BE AROUND MUCH LONGER, EITHER!



IT'S ON WAILUA, NOT FAR FROM HERE! YOU KNOW THE ISLANDS, WILLIE! YOU'LL FIND IT, BUT ONLY THE DEAD CAN ENTER THE VALLEY! THAT'S RIGHT, ONLY THE DEAD! I CAME OUT ALIVE, BUT I BROUGHT THIS CREEPING DEATH WITH ME!

TELL ME MORE AND TELL IT STRAIGHT!



ONLY THE DEAD! ONLY THE DEAD! ARGGGHHH!

IT'S SOMETHING HE SEES THAT'S SCARING HIM TO DEATH! I NEVER SAW SUCH AGONY BEFORE! HE'S DYING RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES AND NOTHING IS TOUCHING HIM!



AS HENRY'S FATE WAS CLIMAXED IN A PIERCING SHRIEK...

HE'S OUT OF HIS MISERY NOW! SAY, WHAT'S THIS, THAT JUST ROLLED OUT OF HIS HAND?



DIAMONDS THE SIZE OF CARBUNCLES--RUBIES, RED AS BLOOD AND EMERALDS AS LARGE AS PIGEON EGGS! I FOUND BOATLOADS IN THE VALLEY OF SINBAD!

ARE YOU RAVING? OR DID THIS REALLY HAPPEN? WHERE'S THE VALLEY OF SINBAD?



SUDDENLY...

NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO TELL! ONLY THE DEAD CAN ENTER! YES, ONLY THE DEAD CAN ENTER!

STOP IT! TALK SENSE OR I'LL CHOKE IT OUT OF YOU!

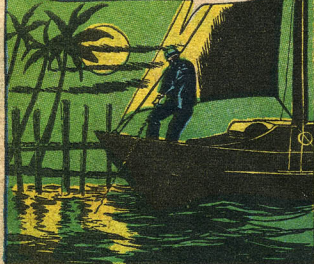


A BLOOD RED RUBY! THE BIGGEST I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE! HENRY WASN'T LYING ABOUT THE VALLEY OF SINBAD! I'M GOING TO WAILUA AND NOTHING CAN STOP ME!



THAT SAME NIGHT...

WHILE TRADER MORGAN IS DRINKING HIMSELF INTO A COMA, I'LL BORROW HIS SLOOP/ BY THE TIME HE CAN OPEN HIS EYES, I'LL BE FIFTY MILES AWAY!



TWO DAYS LATER, HE APPROACHED THE FATEFUL ISLAND...

WAILUA/ WITH THE GOODS THAT TRADER MORGAN HAS ON BOARD, I'LL TRADE FOR DIAMONDS/ I'LL BE KING OF THE ISLANDS/ THEN LET THEM TRY TO THROW ME OUT OF ANY GAMBLING HOUSE!



ASHORE ON WAILUA...

I GOT THE BEST GOODS ON THE ISLANDS, CHIEF/ I'LL GIVE YOU FAIR VALUE/ JUST BRING ON THEM DIAMONDS AND JEWELS FROM THE VALLEY!

DIAMONDS? WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT THE VALLEY? IF YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE VALLEY OF SINBAD, YOU KNOW THAT ONLY THE DEAD MAY ENTER!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? AIN'T MY GOODS WORTH ALL THAT SHINING GLASS YOU GOT IN THAT VALLEY?

THE DIAMONDS ARE NOT FOR THE LIVING/ WE DO NOT TRADE FOR THEM/ BEHOLD, THERE COMES ONE WHO WILL SOON HAVE ALL THE DIAMONDS HE WANTS, BUT HE IS DEAD!



CHIEF, WHERE ARE THEY TAKING THIS DEAD MAN?

TO THE VALLEY OF SINBAD, WHERE ALL OUR DEAD ARE SENT AND WHERE ONLY THE DEAD MAY ENTER!

THAT'S WHAT HENRY SAID TOO/ BUT I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT VALLEY! DEAD, EH? HMMM...WAIT, I'VE GOT IT!

CHIEF, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO MY BODY, IF I SHOULD DIE HERE?

THE CUSTOM IS THE SAME/ YOU JOIN OUR DEAD IN THE VALLEY OF SINBAD!



IN THE MEDICINE CHEST OF THE SLOOP, WILLIE FOUND THE ANSWER TO HIS PROBLEM...

A POWERFUL SHOT OF THIS DRUG SHOULD PUT ME TO SLEEP FOR A DAY/ THE NATIVES WILL THINK I'M DEAD AND CARRY ME TO THE VALLEY!



AN HOUR LATER, WILLIE BEGAN HIS STRANGE BOUT WITH FATE...

CHIEF, I... I'M DYING! DO SOMETHING QUICK! HELP ME! I HAVE NO STRENGTH LEFT!



DAIVAULA-TAQUI! TAKE HIM TO MY HUT, QUICKLY!

THE TRADER IS DEAD! PREPARE THE FUNERAL PROCESSION! HE GOES TO THE VALLEY TONIGHT!



OVER A SECRET PATH, SHAPED BY COUNTLESS PROCESSIONS OVER CENTURIES...

THIS FAT TRADER IS VERY HEAVY, BWALU!

WE ARE ALMOST THERE! SOON HE WILL JOIN THE DEAD MEN!



WHEN THE TRADER AWOKE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

I'M STILL WEAK FROM THAT DRUG, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! THE WHOLE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY IS COVERED WITH PRECIOUS STONES! EVEN A FEW POCKETSFUL WILL MAKE ME RICH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS!



SUDDENLY!

WHA...? WHO IN SATAN'S NAME ARE YOU?

WE ARE THE LIVING DEAD- GUARDIANS OF THE SACRED VALLEY OF SINBAD! YOU HAVE COME HERE BY TREACHERY! YOU ARE ALIVE AND DEFILE OUR VALLEY! YOU MUST GO!



I'M GOING, BUT I'M TAKING THIS LOOT WITH ME! IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP ME, I'LL KILL HIM!

YOU FORGET, WE ARE ALREADY DEAD! YOU CANNOT HARM US! BUT FOR EVERY STONE YOU TAKE, YOU WILL BE CURSED, AND WHEN YOU RETURN, WE WILL DEAL WITH YOU!



WILLIE STAGGERED WITH FATIGUE AND HUNGER, PURSUED BY THE CIRCLING VULTURES ABOVE...

I'VE EMPTIED MY GUN AT THEM, BUT THEY WON'T LEAVE ME! MAYBE I CAN ROCK THEM OFF WITH THESE DIAMONDS! THEY'RE DRIVING ME MAD!



GO AWAY, YOU FLYING DEVILS! IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE JUST DEVOURING ALL THE DIAMONDS I THROW! IF I DON'T REACH THE SLOOP SOON, I'LL COLLAPSE!



AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, WILLIE FINALLY REACHED HIS BOAT...

NOW I'M SAFE! I'VE STILL GOT A FORTUNE IN JEWELS STASHED AWAY IN THIS BAG AND I'M LEAVING WAILUA FOREVER!



FIVE MILES FROM LAND, A FREAK HURRICANE TORE INTO THE TINY CRAFT...

THEY WON'T LET ME GET AWAY! THE WIND'S BLOWING NINETY MILES AN HOUR AND THEY JUST CIRCLE UP THERE! IT'S THEM UGLY BUZZARDS THAT BROUGHT ON THIS HURRICANE!



THE TINY SLOOP WAS SWEEPED BACK TO LAND...

I'VE BEEN DRIVEN BACK TO WAILUA! OH!



I'M NOT LICKED YET! I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING! I'LL BE RICH, RICH! WILLIE FERGUSON, KING OF THE ISLANDS! OHHHH!



WILLIE AWOK TO A HORRIBLE SENSATION...

NO! GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU UGLY DEMON-BEASTS!



COME BACK HERE WITH MY JEWELS! GIVE THEM BACK TO ME, YOU THIEVING BUZZARDS!



THE BURNING SUN BEAT AGAINST THE TRADER'S BRAIN AS HE FOLLOWED THE HOVERING VULTURES...

JEWELS, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, EMERALDS... ALL MINE! MINE, I TELL YOU! I'M THE KING OF THE VALLEY! MOUNTAINS OF JEWELS, ALL MINE!



WHEN NIGHT FELL, WILLIE HAD FOUND HIS WAY ONCE MORE TO THE VALLEY OF SINBAD...

THE DEAD MEN ARE GONE AND I'M KING OF THE VALLEY! NOTHING CAN STOP WILLIE FERGUSON NOW!



BUT SUDDENLY!

GO AWAY! THIS VALLEY BELONGS TO ME! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR DEAD MEN HERE!

YOU HAVE RETURNED, OH EVIL ONE! THE CURSE PURSUED YOU AND SENT YOU BACK!



AND NOW WE WILL TAKE YOUR BLACK HEART FROM YOU! YOUR EVIL DAYS ARE AT AN END!

LET ME GO! NO! NO! AIEEEEE!



WILLIE'S FATE UNRAVELED TO ITS SHOCKING END, AND WHEN HE ROSE ONCE MORE...

NOW THAT WE HAVE DEALT WITH YOU, YOU WILL GO BACK INTO THE WORLD TO LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AND DIE LIKE THE LOWEST WORM THAT CRAWLS!

YES, YES, I'VE HAD ENOUGH! JUST LET ME GO!



AS THE WITHERED, TERRIFIED FIGURE LEFT THE VALLEY...

HERE ARE YOUR DIAMONDS, FOOL! HA HA HA!

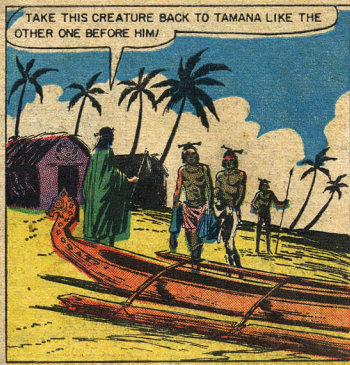


BARELY ABLE TO STAND, WILLIE REACHED THE NATIVE VILLAGE...

SEE, I'VE COME BACK FROM YOUR CURSED VALLEY! I'VE COME BACK! AND THEY SAID NO ONE COULD GET OUT OF THE VALLEY ALIVE! I DID IT!

YES, BUT JUST LOOK HOW YOU GOT BACK!





**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946
(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)**

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member must be given.) Humor Publications, Inc. (owner), 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; A. A. Wyn, Inc. 23 West 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.; A. A. Wyn, 23 West 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.; Rose Wyn, 23 West 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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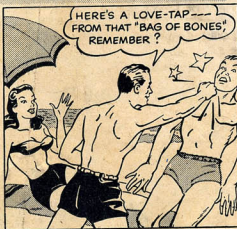
5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

A. A. WYN

(Signature of publisher.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1951.

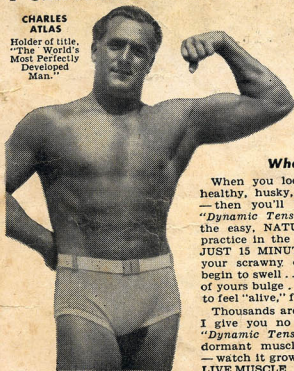
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